



WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.
Just as St. Louis has its Russian district and its Italian quarter, its Little Jerusalem and its Hop Alley, so also it has its Dark-town or negro quarter. It may be supposed from a casual inspection that the negro is omnipresent, judging from the numerous specimens of the race scattered throughout the city from the West End residence districts to the Levee slums; but it is mainly in the daytime that the race is thus scattered and at night a large proportion of the negroes may be found within well-defined boundaries.

There are several sections well-beloved and frequented by our African citizens. Morgan street has been so often quoted as the after-dark paradise of the negro, that an impression prevails that a majority of the negroes who keep house are settled in that neighborhood. In reality there are larger settlements along Centre and Targem streets in the vicinity of Clark avenue, and these, together with the Morgan street neighborhoods, may be called the representative Darktowns of the city.

Passengers on the Suburban have doubt-

less often noticed the alley between Lucas avenue and Gay street, which is passed as the cars cross Fourteenth street. From the car windows a view may be had of a long row of two-story brick houses extending from Thirteenth to Fourteenth street, built directly on the alley with no intervening sidewalks. These houses are so thickly populated with negroes that there is always an overflow to the alley, and the impression has gained ground from the sight of the masses of black faces that this is the favorite stamping ground of the negro. Perhaps it would be better to say the favorite loafing ground of the negro, as every corner is always lacking in the composition of the denizens of that neighborhood.

This district is really the swiftest portion of Darktown. In those dilapidated brick houses are held the balls, at which the cream of the negro elite of the city, the coaches of the West End and the negro barbers are in evidence. Here is the spot where the dusky bolles of Morgan street make their debut into the world of society before marrying and settling down to a

life of washing and supporting a husband. It is also whispered that in these districts are some of the biggest "craps" and "policy" games in the city conducted, but, as the clientele is almost without exception African, the police are seldom able to secure evidence against the proprietors. In spite of continuous losses at these games, the negro will rarely betray the whereabouts of the gambling place, probably on account of a wholesome fear of the proprietor, who is generally a "bad nigger."

The stylish world of Darktown is really a gorgeous sight when arrayed in its best clothes. The negro porters and barbers are a perfect blaze of color as regards cravats and shirts, and loud hats are very much in evidence when some of the cheap second-hand stores of Morgan street hold a fire sale in that line of goods. Trousers are not appreciated unless they contain colors of violent contrasts, arranged in checks for choice, and the display of cheap jewelry is perfectly dazzling.

The belles are similarly attired as regards colors, and the net skirt waist proved extremely popular last summer, the contrast

between the comparatively white waist and the skin beneath being considered stunning in the extreme. Some of the leaders in society have gowns which have not been worn more than one summer by their white donors, and the envy which such a possession excites is as great as that stirred up in other circles by the ownership of the only Paris gown in that section.

The whole neighborhood is not addicted to loafing and loud dressing, however, and there are many hard carriers and teamsters among the more plebeian circles in the alley. These are regarded with a mild tolerance by the rest, much as a man who has made his money in trade is regarded in English society, as it exists in novels. It is this element which supports most of the residents along the alley, however, and it has been estimated that one-fourth of the negroes of this city support the other three-fourths. The truth of this estimate can be realized by a trip through the district.

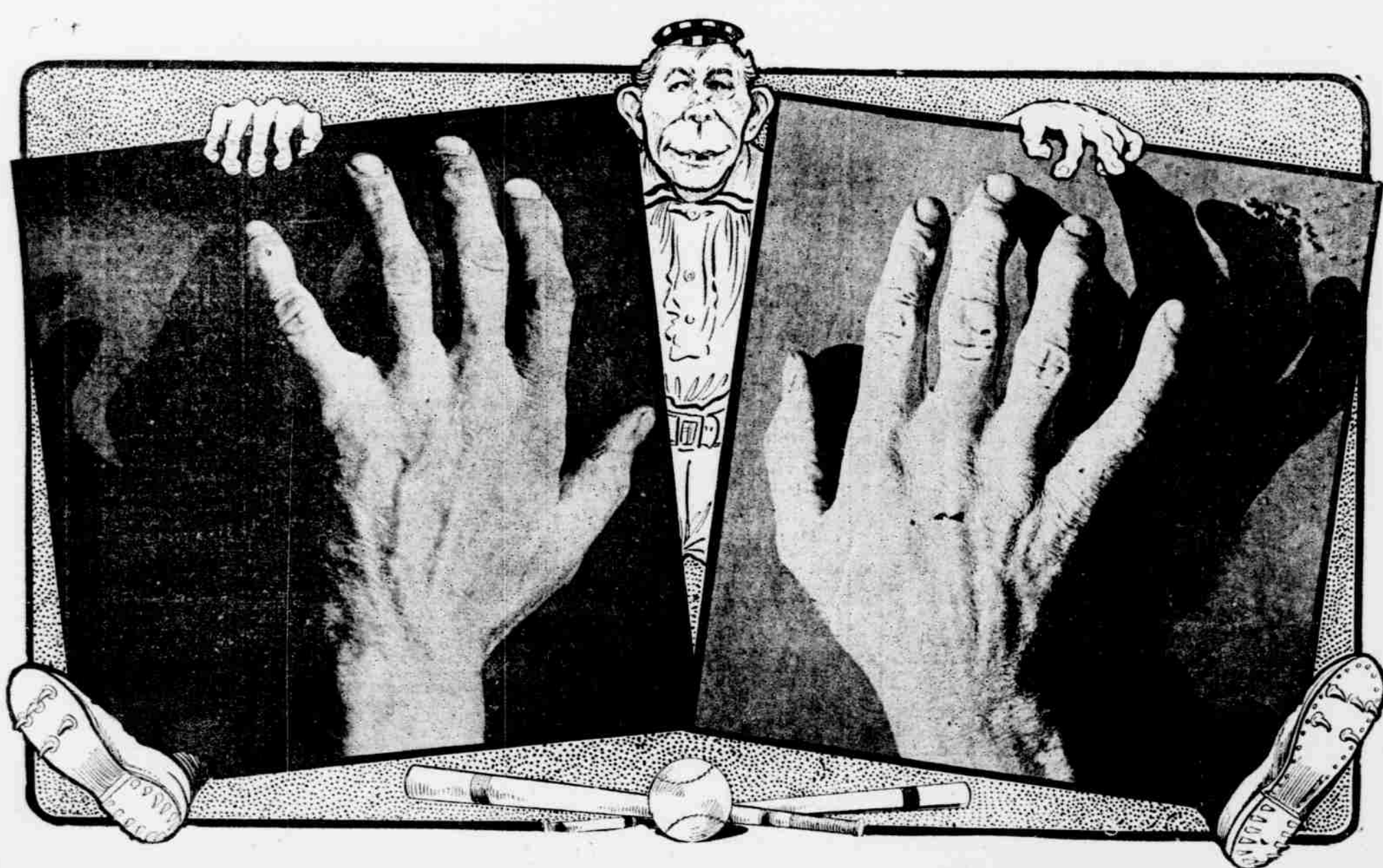
The inhabitants of the Center street neighborhood around Clark avenue possibly include more various types among their number than do the Morgan street dwellers.

Every variety of negro, from the old dandy of the "before the war" type to the gay young buck of the present day, who resembles the lilacs of the field in gorgeousness of the vestment and his failure to tell or spin, may be seen there. The old negro mammy is also in evidence, but the latter-day mammy seems to run altogether to fat without the accompanying good qualities which weight is supposed to develop. The African cheerfulness is most apparent in the very old persons and in the children. A young negro

seems happy by nature, and is ready to laugh on the slightest provocation. Among the older men and women also may be found those courtly manners which many of the slaves possessed before the Civil War. The younger generation is hilarious and ready to laugh on slight provocation also, but the natural good nature of the negro is accompanied by a readiness to fight and an intense carefully developed by the Republican politicians.

Many of the old negroes may be found

smoking pipes and chewing tobacco with the same zest that their husbands display. Snuff, which has almost disappeared from public use, is also very much in evidence in some of the houses, both for use in the customary manner and for dipping. Boss has taken a strong hold on the affection of the latter-day African, and it is said the first article a young couple purchases upon setting up house is a beer can. A stroll through the alleys mentioned will reveal more raw material for Pullman porters, bootblacks and coachmen than it would be supposed the city contained.



TALE OF HARD KNOCKS, BUMPS AND BRUISES.

Told by a Former Ball Player's Hands.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.
Once upon a time these hands were shapely and their fingers straight and comely, but that was before their owner played baseball.

The minor mishaps began to occur more than twenty years ago, when young George Uphaus joined the "Maple Streets" of Indianapolis, his native city.

That was in the days when catchers caught batted balls and masks and protectors were too expensive for the starch factory gang, with whom George played.

From the "Maple Streets" a number of the nine drifted into the "Central Stars", and, when that organization split up, some of the players went into the "Quickstep" and some into the "Bluff Road" team.

After several years of this preliminary training George Uphaus had developed into a catcher of no mean ability, and when, in the early eighties, he drifted westward into Kansas, his services were greatly in demand.

"Well, sir," said the retired ball player, who is now a hard-working resident of St. Louis, "it would be pretty hard to tell just exactly how these fingers got battered into the shape you now see them."

"That little finger of the left hand caught it good and hard one time in Jetmore, Kas. I was catching, and a foul tip came along. The second crack it got was about fourteen years ago, in Great Bend, in the same State."

"That third finger of the left hand," went on the old-time ball player, after he had consented to have his hands photographed for The Sunday Republic, "is, you might say, the only good finger I've got. That's my lucky boy. It's been hurt once or twice, but it never was telescoped like the little one."

"The middle finger of that same hand was only badly hurt once. But that time it got it proper—second joint cracked."

"The first finger went up against its inclination at Greenville, Ill. Oh, that ain't saying it never got it again, because I've had that finger thrown out of joint as high

as three times in one game. Hurt? Of course; but what are you going to do when you're the only catcher?"

"Well, what did you do?" was asked.

"Pulled 'er back and went on catching," answered Uphaus.

"That thumb," he went on, ruefully, "amazing the member in question, got the worst of it from me trying to catch a bum pitcher at Alledo, in Mercer County, Ill. 'Wild' was no name for the way that fellow pitched, but nobody but a catcher knows how speedy some of these rascals pitchers are."

"The other thumb, on my right hand, took its first degree at Nees City, Kas., and the first finger on that hand, while never broken, has been twisted clean around so many times I can't remember."

"Those next two fingers are like two horses from the same racing stable—they've got to be coupled in the entry. The first time they went to the post in a good game in Indianapolis they ran a dead heat. Both nails were torn off. That prize bump, though, the first knuckle of the middle finger, won't let me forget a game at Dodge City, Kas. And the second knuckle makes me think again of Jetmore. Dozens and dozens of times that middle finger's been hurt. For five years it pained constantly and even now when I go to shake hands with a man I throw the first finger under it to protect the old war horse."

"The third finger got its worst knock in Mason or Decatur, I forget which, but it was up around there in Illinois."

"And the last of the bunch, the little fellow there, he caught his catching flame of the old Pastimes in Bloomington, Ill. 'Paul tips are responsible for most of a catcher's troubles, but a mean little old pop-up fly will do the business just as well if it lands right."

"Yes, I suppose you would call those pretty hard-looking hands, but buster, fingers didn't put me out of the game. I could go out and catch as good a game of ball to-morrow as I ever did in my life. But I couldn't do it the next day—that's the trouble."